

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

"INTELLIGENCE, THE BULWARK OF REPUBLICANISM."

NEW SERIES, VOL. 3, NO. 30.]

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1859.

[WHOLE NO. 1011]

Selected Poetry.

From The N. Y. Spirit of the Times.
The Pig in the Fence.

BY HAZEL, GREEN, INC.

Oh! where are the friends of the pig in the fence?
"Where?" Echo replies. He has none.
There were numbers around him a few moments
since.
But now he is fast, they are gone.
Only their friendship is gone—they are here,
Cavorting and "chaffing" immense.
And joining the throng in affecting the rear
Of the pig that is fast in the fence.
They seek not the causes that placed him between
The rails—oh no, why should they care,
Since with levities erect they can rush to the scene,
To punish him while he is there?
To praise the cry loudly, so all, far and near,
May know his condition, and hence
Come running to join them in hitting the rear
Of the pig that is fast in the fence.
They would not release him, although it might
cost
Not a step more than taken before;
But, on the contrary, they'd do their utmost
To perplex and involve him the more;
To press him more closely, mayhap through the
fence.
That he might break him from thence,
And punish them for hitting the rear
Of the pig that was fast in the fence.
But twice are not all of the creatures that he,
That find themselves sticking between
The rails of the fence, and who strive to get free,
While the world is still showing them
Who find that the fence they meet with depends
Not on worth, but on dollars and cents.
And that there are none who will prove themselves
Fence.
To the pig that is fast in the fence.

Choice Miscellany.

GRACIE'S RIDE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Now, papa, you know you almost
promised last night, and you won't say 'no' this
morning, will you? It will be so delightful,
too, because our ride to 'Shady Brook'—
all ways are, and the sunbeams will be like
golden diamonds on the waters, and the blue
sky will look down through the thick tree
boughs with a smile like that of an angel.
Please say 'yes,' papa," and the little
diamond hand dropped the knife which was
overlaid the broken biscuit with a fold of
cream-looking butter, and the sweet face
was lifted with pleading eagerness to the
father's.

It was a hard matter to refuse her. The
tender father could not bear to call down a
shadow on that sweet face, and so he cast
about in his mind for some manner of means
to obviate the grief which his refusal would
occasion her.

"I'm sorry, Gracie," he began; "but you
see, I must go to New York this afternoon.
They telegraphed to me late last night that
the ship was just in port, and I must see to
the disembarking of my goods. There,
there, Gracie, little girl, don't look so sad
about it. I'll bring you a new dress, straight
from Paris, to-night."

But little Gracie loved the green hills,
and loved the prattling brook waters, and
the cool shadows braided in with the
country sunshine, a great deal better than
she did a ship piled full of "dresses fresh
from Paris," and the tears brimmed up to
her eyes, and dropped softly over her brown
lashes, and troubled her father, for he was
a great, warm-hearted man, who did not
think, as men too often do, that children's
pleasures and disappointments are of no
manner of consequence; moreover, Gracie
was his only daughter, and he a widower.

"Gracie, can't you go with me? I mean
I will take good care of you—and in short,
I can't think of anybody, but maybe you
can of some little boy or girl who would
like to go with you."

Gracie looked up and shook her head
doubtfully, but the next moment a smile
sparkled up her eyes, and lighted her whole
face with the glory of a generous thought:
"Yes, papa, I do know of somebody. It's
the little boy and girl who live at the foot
of the street. They're so poor, you know,
and never go to ride. I'll step in, on my
way to school, and ask them."

There was a light knock at the door, and
the mother looked up in that quick, anxious
manner which usually distinguishes those
whose lives are haunted continually with a
fear of "bad tidings," while her son lifted
the latch and revealed the child-figure standing
there. The eyes of the three occupants of
that chamber were fastened in astonishment
on the little girl, and her own little reciprocated
theirs, as she glanced around that
desolate apartment, whose only carpeting
was the sunbeams, that slept just as warm
and as brightly on the old boards as they
did on the Turkey carpets of Gracie Welton's
elegant home.

"Please, ma'am," said Gracie, blushing
with embarrassment at the thought of her
strange errand, "Papa has gone to New
York, and he sent to know if you would
be willing the children should go to ride with
me to Shady Brook this afternoon? There's
plenty of room in the carriage, and Tom's
a very careful driver. I'm Mr. Welton's
little girl, who lives in the brick house, at
the head of the street."

"To ride, mamma—to ride behind the
horses, in the carriage with the pretty little
girl, and see the great trees, and the hills,
and the fields with the beautiful flowers
growing all over them, and hear the water
dropping over the smooth stones, just as it
used to, a long, long time ago? Oh, please,
please, mamma, say quick that sissy may
go!" and the little one stood up by its mother's
side, its small hands clasped together,
its little lips quivering with eagerness, and
its sweet baby-face full of Oh, so exceedingly
full of earnest, unspoken pleading.

"Yes, darling, you shall go," said the
mother, as she took the little one in her lap
while the hot tears she could not restrain
dropped all on her head, "and Gracie
shall go with you. And you shall see the
meadows sprinkled over with posies, and

the great trees, just like those that grew
round our old house. Tell your father, my
dear child, that God will reward him for re-
membering the widow and the orphan."
"Yes, ma'am, I'll tell him," said Gracie,
as she hastily left the room, for the tears
were coming fast, and she was half ashamed
of them.
"I thank you, miss; it's all I can say, but
perhaps you'll know all that I want to, if I
can't."

The speaker's voice had arrested Gracie's
hasty steps in the hall, and she looked up
to see the brown-curl'd boy, whose face
was far more eloquent than his touching
words, as he looked on her, half doubting
whether she were not an angel.
"Yes, I know it all," said Gracie, smil-
ing. "The carriage will come for you at
two, you see, for it's a long ride;" and she
bounced away, for the child possessed one
of those sensitive natures which rendered
the expression of much gratitude for her
generosity almost painful to her.

"Hurrah, Gracie! come down here and
kiss me for the beauty of a new dress I've
bought you."
A bright face beamed over the banisters,
a light figure bounded down the stairs and
sprang into the arms outstretched to receive
it.

"No, papa, not yet," said little Gracie, as
she put aside the bundle. "I want to tell
you all about my ride, first."
She drew him to his easy chair, and then
seating herself, as was her custom, on his
knee, she told him, and her sweet, childish
voice made the history doubly pathetic of
her long, delicious ride to Shady Brook;—
and how Gracie stared, and the little girl
clapped her hands at the sight of the posies
in the meadows, and talked about the sweet
stories which the brook told; and how they
gathered posies, and at last all set down
under the green trees by the brook, and ate
the nice cakes and biscuits which Tom had
brought; and how there was one great loaf
all enwrapped over, which Gracie had sent to
the mother, and how she had promised
Charlie and his sister they should have ever
so many rides; and what nice dresses her
old ones would make for the little girl.

"I am glad now, papa," said Gracie, reach-
ing up her little mouth to his forehead, "that
you could not go; but next time you will
won't you, papa? and we'll have such a
glorious time!"

Her father did not answer, only his smile
promised acquiescence; and he hugged
Gracie very close to his heart, and murred,
in a low, earnest voice, that sent a
sweet, solemn thrill through the child's
soul, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the
least of these, ye have done it unto me!"

Temples of Temperance.

(From the Cincinnati Gazette.)

The Order in Ohio is in a flourishing
condition, reporting an increase of both
Subordinate and Social Temples, and quite
an increase of active members. And this
in the face of the opposition of the self-
styled champions of temperance, some of
whom have pronounced the Temple cause a
failure. I ask the privilege of letting the
public know what it has done in a small
circle, and they can judge of the failure. In
four Temples that I have organized within
the last thirteen months, there were 48
persons who were more or less under the
power of Bacchus; all had the reputation of
getting drunk. Now they are looked upon
by both friends and foes, as reformed men.
More than forty families have been blessed
by their labors. Does that look like a
failure? But again, these four Temples
have been the means of shutting up over 50
doggeries, and have driven the open traffic
of the towns where these Temples are
located. Are there not hundreds of places
in Ohio that would be blessed by having
such a failure in operation in their midst?

The Grand Temple is making vigorous
efforts to have our cause presented to the
people of Ohio. A Grand Lecturer will
travel some parts of the State during the
summer. Are there not hundreds of places
that need a Temperance organization? One
that has lived and prospered while all the
prominent Temperance speakers have
given it the cold shoulder in public, and
engaged in active opposition privately.—
and yet, to-day, it is stronger, fairer, and
more prosperous than ever before. An
Order, based on Temperance, which has a
fraternity equal to the best Secret Societies,
one that has beauties to charm, powers to
bind its votaries to the cause it has espoused,
degrees to exalt its members into a
solid phalanx of fraternity in the cause of
virtue and suffering humanity. For more
than half my life, I have embraced every
opportunity to speak and labor in the cause
of Temperance. My head and heart give
the Temple of Honor the preference of all
others as a Temperance organization, for I
conscientiously believe it calculated to do
the most permanent good. I say this after
working in others, and trying them for
years, and there are hundreds of as true
Temperance men as live, that are of the
same opinion.

If those that read this wish to know more
about the Order will address Dr. J. Wad-
sworth, G. W. R., at Cincinnati, or myself,
at Monroe, Butler county, Ohio, the infor-
mation will be sent them. There are efforts
being made in many places to enforce the
law against the traffic. I hold that all past
experience teaches plainly that to be suc-
cessful we must reform the victims by moral
means, while the law is in force against the
destroyer. If you wish to reform men,
as well as to wage a warfare against the
traffic, the Temple is your best help as I verily
believe.

Will editors, friendly to temperance,
please give this a place in their columns?
A. W. THURNTON, G. W. T. of Ohio.

Q.—The Hawkeye, from very reasonable
data, estimates the population of Iowa to
be 637,000. It will amount to nearly a
million in 1860.

Popular Literature.

(From The Western Christian Advocate.)

A taste for light literature seems to be
growing upon the public mind. Our relig-
ious circles are not exempt. I know men
who, this year, refused to renew their sub-
scription to a religious journal, a weekly
and welcome visitor to their homes for years,
because they have substituted one of the
"Illustrated Weeklies" of the East. It is
not a matter of great surprise that a taste
of this kind of literature should fasten itself
upon the unregenerated mind, but we must
wonder and lament when Christians patron-
ize it and introduce it to their children.

The love and murder, blood and thunder
literature which flooded our country in yel-
low covers, has left to only to be substituted
by that which is better disguised, per-
haps more refined, yet more dangerous, and
it is equally unnatural and untruthful, and
its attractive disguise will be its passport
to the brains and hearts of thousands who
would never acquaint themselves with the
former.

I believe in truth—in immortal truth for
immortal minds—and that it needs no fic-
tious dress or ornament to make it desir-
able; yet, if the men, and women, and chil-
dren of the Church must have fiction, for
consciences sake let it come in such image
and figure as to give us, as near as possible
truthful views of human life and human
nature.

But what is the most of this popular
newspaper literature? Romantic love stories
extraordinary adventures, and diabolical
characters. The mind of the habitual reader
of this literature becomes—if at all impres-
sible—soon disgusted with the practical
things of life, and is soon led off into a very
dreamy, visionary state of existence, in
which it is effectually disqualified for earth
or heaven. If this is disputed, please to look
upon the thousands of dreamy, aimless young
men and women who are now floating upon
the surface of American society. What are
they but a curse to themselves? What will
they prove but an unmitigated curse to the
next generation? Many of them starting
in life with fine intellects and bright hopes
might have become blessings to their race,
had they not sacrificed their all at the shrine
of this false but popular god. One would
suppose that Christians, and especially
Christian parents, would be warned by what
is so fearfully palpable, yet it appears other-
wise in too many instances. Says one, "I
cannot forego my taste for this reading; or
at least I can not abandon my paper, for it
is favored with contributions from some of
the best writers of the age, and I can dis-
criminate between unwholesome tales and what
is chaste and pure." Well, friend, your
children can not discriminate if you are
blessed with that wonderful faculty. Yet
they can reason. "It will not hurt me to
read this paper, for father does." Thus,
while you are reading from the chaste pen
of the distinguished E. you are introducing
the miasms of your children to the dreamy
and attractive stories which crowd the col-
umns of that paper. Their tastes and habits
are in rapid process of formation. Your ex-
ample is an important instrument in that
process. Early impressions are ineffaceable.
Then what must be the consequences of
your example? What a judgment-day re-
velation you will have to meet!

Do you say that you must have recrea-
tion, and that reading furnishes relaxation
and rest to your weary limbs? But when
you make recreation a business, it is no longer
recreation. We need not be slaves to
work. We need not drudge out life's exist-
ence without rest or recreation. But God
forbid that we should recreate our hearts
into a distaste for that work and grace by
which, alone, we can be useful here, or
blessed through eternity!

Time is precious—a little section cut out
of eternity and given to us to do our work in.
It will soon leave us. Do we see that our
own little streamlet is gliding away, bearing
us with it toward that other world, of
which all things here are but a dim shadow?
How do we use our time? Every day rising
out of eternity asks us the question, "What
will you do in God's world for God?" A
certain writer describes a marble statue in
a certain city, fashioned by art, into a beau-
tiful fountain, and through the lips and
hands the water flows in a continual stream
—on and on, forever. But the marble
stands there—passive—cold—making no
effort to arrest the water. So time runs
through the hands of men, never pausing
until it runs out. Oh how many stand, like
the marble man, and never know what it
is passing away from them for ever!

Christian brother and friend, how do
you spend your life? Last year is gone, yester-
day is gone, and it can never come again.
It was born fresh from eternity, with its
duties and its own work for us. What were
we doing yesterday? Idling away the time
in light and trifling reading? Thrilling our
hearts with a false excitement? God help
us! In whatever light we look upon this
subject, we can get but one response. May
we all improve it as for eternity!

Q.—It is a noticeable fact, that in the
Maine Democratic Convention, when the
balloting for Charleston Delegates com-
menced, there were not over five hundred
delegates present. The ballot-box, never-
theless, was found to contain, at the close,
over eleven hundred ballots! Truly, har-
monious Democracy is "the same every-
where," from Bangor, in Maine, to Oxford
and Kickapoo, in Kansas.

Q.—Sam was raised as a mate in his father's
ship, the Happy-go-Lucky. In his own
pocket watch, he called in at Taylor's Acad-
emy, as he said, "to learn French and
navigation that afternoon, as he was going
to sail for Marseille in the morning."

Q.—A jurymen, having applied to the re-
corder to be excused from serving on ac-
count of deafness, the latter asked, "Could
you hear my charge to the grand jury, sir?"
"Yes, I heard every word of it," was the
reply, "but couldn't make any sense of it."

Balloon Trip.

We give the following from the account
given by Mr. Hyde, who was one of the
party in the great trip of the Atlantic bal-
loon:

A STORM BELOW.

At half past ten o'clock we had Lake
Erie and Lake Ontario both in sight, a
spectacle that could not be viewed without
mingled sentiments of admiration and won-
der. The balloon had now attained an
altitude of nearly a mile. A terrible storm
was surging beneath us, the trees waving,
and the mad waves dashing against the
shore of Erie in an awfully tempestuous
manner. But above the careering whirl-
pools and the thundering breakers swam
the proud Atlantic, not a coil displaced,
nor a breadth of silk disturbed, floating with
her expectant crew, and gently leading
for the salt crests which bowed our vast
Republic. Now like a gurgling, comes the
subdued roar of the plashing and headlong
cataract of Niagara.

THE DESCENT.

Passing the western terminus of the Erie
Canal, the balloon was borne directly to-
wards Lake Ontario. Our ballast was now
nearly exhausted, and had determined
upon crossing the second lake would have
been sheer recklessness and hardihood. At
this point it was resolved to descend to the
earth, and Mr. Gager and myself, in our
stead take in a sufficient quantity of new
ballast, and again steer for the Atlantic
Ocean.

The airship was lowered, but was
then raging, and carried very near the
tops of trees which were bending and sway-
ing to and fro by the force of the wind.
Mr. Lamontain and I threw over the
buckets and their contents, and the lift
gave us kept us from being crushed in the
woods. Like a bullet we shot out into
the Lake. The machinery was got in
readiness to be tossed out, and every pos-
sible preparation made for keeping out of the
waves. For awhile we cherished the hope
that we would be able to pass the broad ex-
panse of the deep in safety, though we knew
we had nearly one hundred and ninety
miles to traverse. But this hope died out
in less than an hour, as the trouping winds
bore us on, it seemed, with greater and in-
creasing fierceness. We had got far out
and there was no land in sight. A dreary
waste of nearly seven thousand square miles
of water was before and around us.

At length we neared the dashing billows,
which were wildly flinging up their white
caps and chasing one another towards the
North-east. For me, a lifetime was con-
centrated in that awful perilous moment. It
was the first time since I had set foot in
the balloon, that I experienced fear as to
my safety. I looked around at my com-
panions; they were calm, but their counten-
ances gave me no assurance. Plunge
plunge, went the iron bars of the machinery
into the waves, now rolling ten feet in
height! And the Atlantic, obedient to this
magic control, again bowed upwards out of
the way of the dark and hungry elements.
There was great relief in this, but the cool-
est reason could not have seen in the cir-
cumstances anything but momentary en-
couragement. I cannot recollect whether
it was at this point, or before, that Mr.
Gager climbed up into the car with Prof.
Wise. Whenever it was, he did so as much
for the security of the entire party as for
his own safety, for there is no selfishness
in Mr. Gager, see him where you will.

For a time again our flying ship was
buoyed up out of the way of hazard, but
would frequently dart down as though in-
tending to bury us all. This movement
was promptly checked by throwing out
some articles as ballast, and thus, carpet
bags containing clothing, overcoats, and
bundles of papers, provisions, were pitched
into the lake, and still we kept in almost
homeless proximity. Mr. Lamontain had
said he desired to take care of the boat, and
advised me to get into the car above, with
Meers. Wise and Gager, which I hastened
to do. No sooner had I planted myself
firmly in the wicker basket than down it
went, down with fearful speed went the
balloon towards the lake. I closed my eyes
involuntarily, but was quickly aroused by
a crash and a huge of the car forward.—
Three times there were a terrible clatter
and splash. One moment of my life, I
thought I. Looking around I beheld a hat
floating off, and the same instant the balloon
darted out of the water.

"Poor La Mountain!" was in my heart to
say, for I thought him gone; but the cheerful
"all right, boys," stopped me and lightened
me of one grief. Now came a test of La
Mountain's bravery, and nobly did he stand
it. Taking a hatchet which was handed
down to him from the car where it was
swung, he began loosening the planks
making the lining of the boat, which he
sent overboard at every indication of another
descent. When he had gone as far as pos-
sible this way, unscrewed the nuts which
had been placed in the side of the boat by
which to fasten the machinery. Gathering
all articles, of no matter how little weight
together, he sent them with the rest. The
cars went over next, and at last there was
nothing in the boat. He had taken off his
coat to it, and worked till the perspiration
ran from his brow like rain—all the while
speaking hopefully and endeavoring to quiet
our apprehensions. When there was noth-
ing more to be done below, Mr. Lamontain
drew himself up by the rope, into the car.
Everything had now gone but an overcoat
and two blankets, which were saved to be
used as the final resort.

How wistfully did four persons strain
their eyes that day in the direction of the
shore; and would it never, never come in
sight! Mr. Gager's face bore an expres-
sion of mingled sadness and solicitude;
perhaps he was thinking of a group of hap-
py faces, all unconscious of his peril, away
in Bennington, Vermont. Mr. Lamontain

seemed more hopeful, and Prof. Wise talk-
ed as though we were certain of getting
safe over the lake, though he warned us of
danger as soon as we should be off the
water. Prof. W.'s theory was, that the
boat should get swamped, the balloon would
still have momentum and power sufficient
to drag us to shore, which happily had by
this time appeared in the dim distance. A
propeller called "Young America" shortly
afterwards bore down upon us to come to
our relief, but we scudded some hundreds of
feet before her bows, and so that hope failed.

Finally, after skimming within forty feet
of the dark waves, for a distance of not less
than fifty miles, and perhaps more, we had
the joy to know that we were out of danger
of drowning; but a new peril was before us.
Prof. Wise had been quite right in his pre-
diction. The hurricane blew us immedi-
ately into a dense forest which skirted the
lake, and threatened to tear us limb from
limb.

Mr. Gager had thrown out the anchor, a
heavy iron one with three hooks, each a
inch and a quarter in thickness. So rapid
was our flight that this stood out nearly
straight from the car. As the grapple swung
against a tree of moderate size, the velocity
of the balloon and its terrible strength
wound it up and flung it to the ground.
One by one the hooks broke off, and we
were again at the mercy of all sweeping
wind. Mr. Lamontain and I held on to the
valve rope, endeavoring to discharge the
gas, but we quickly were compelled to re-
lease our grasp, and cling to the "concentrat-
ing hoop" to avoid being thrown out. It
has been before stated that the meshes en-
veloping the silk of the Atlantic had an ag-
gregate strength of one hundred and twenty
tons.

It is not strange that it was some time
before these strong cords were broken.—
The balloon actually went through a mile
of forest, and tearing down trees and break-
ing branches, pursued its reckless course,
dashing our party in the willow car and
ro against trunks and limbs, until the stout
netting had broken little by little and the
balloon itself had no longer any protection,
when striking a tall tree the silk was pun-
ctured in a dozen places and rent into rib-
bons, leaving the car suspended by the net-
work twenty feet above ground. The course
of the balloon through the woods left a path
similar to that of a tornado. Trees half the
size of a man's body were swept in
twain as though they were pipe-stems, and
huge limbs were scattered like leaves. It
is difficult to see how any one of the quar-
terette escaped with his life. It happened
that the landing was made within one hun-
dred and fifty yards of a settlement, and the
crash was so great that the people ran to
the windows to see what had happened. Sig-
nals as it would appear, there was only
one of the four injured in the least—Mr.
Lamontain receiving some slight contu-
sions about one of his hips, and the remain-
der escaping without a scratch. When we
got down, which was done partly by ropes
and partly by means of a broken tree, seven-
teen persons were standing around with open
mouths and eyes staring out wonder. We
then learned that we had landed on the
farm of Truman O. Whitney, near Sackett's
Harbor, in the township of Henderson, Jef-
ferson county, New York. By Mr. La-
mountain's watch, the time was two and
twenty minutes. We had been nineteen
hours and forty minutes traveling a distance
which cannot be computed at less than nine
hundred miles, and it is said to reach as
much as twelve hundred.

The Number Three.

When the world was created, we find
land, water, and sky; sun, moon and stars.
North had but three sons; Jonah was the
first in the whale's belly, our Saviors pass-
ed three days in the tomb. Peter denied
his Saviors thrice. There were three pa-
triarchs—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.—
Abraham entertained three angels. Sam-
uel was called three times. "Simon, lovest
thou me?" was repeated three times.—
Daniel was thrown into a den with three
lions, for praying three times a day. Sha-
drach, Meshach and Abednego were rescued
from the flames of the oven. The Com-
mandments were delivered on the third day.
Job had three friends. St. Paul speaks of
faith, hope and charity, these three. Those
famous dreams of the baker and butler were
to come to pass in three days; and Elijah
protested himself three times on the body
of the dead child. Samson deceived Del-
ilah three times, before she discovered the
source of his strength. The sacred letters
on the cross are I. H. S., so also the Roman
motto was composed of three words, "In Hoc
Signo." They are three conditions for
man—the earth, heaven and hell; there is
also the three Cerebus—Cerberus with his
three heads; Neptune holding his three-
toothed staff, the oracle of Delphi cher-
ished with veneration the tripod; and the nine
Muses sprang from three. In nature we
have male, female offspring; morning, noon
and night. Trees group their leaves in
threes, there is the three leaved clover.
Every ninth wave is a ground swell. We
have fish, flesh and fowl. The majority of
mankind die at the age of thirty. What
could be done in mathematics without the
aid of the triangle? witness the power of
the wedge; and in logic three premises are
indispensable. It is a common phrase, that
"three is a lucky number."—Knickerbocker.

Q.—An Englishman, boasting, said:
"There are springs in our country where
the most sparkling soda water can be had
already prepared." "That is nothing to a
lake out West," said one of his hearers;
"you can procure the most delicious
champagne, and the banks are made of spongy
cake."

Gamaliel Bailey.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[From the National Era, July 7.]

The cypress shadows deepen. But a few
days ago, we were called upon to lament
the loss of a world-honored and beloved
friend, Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham. And
now, the last arrival from Europe brings us
the sad intelligence that our gifted and
dear friend and fellow-laborer, with whose
name our own has been so long associated
in the National Era, is no longer among the
living.

As clouds that rake the mountain summits,
As waves that know no guiding hand,
So swift as brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land."

The death of Dr. Bailey will be widely
felt as a public calamity. He was one of
those men who mould and shape the age in
which they live. To no one is the cause of
Freedom and Progress, as embodied in the
Republican party, more indebted than to him.

Clear-sighted, warm-hearted, generous to
a fault, frank in the avowal of his opinions
—earnest without fanaticism, bold without
temerity, uncompromising, yet courteous
and charitable, a gentleman always, never
stooping to personal invective or contro-
versy—he has been emphatically the man
for his place and time. His views were
broad and statesmanlike—he could not wear
the badge of a mere partisan—and he held
himself ready always to censure his political
friends when, in his view, they were in
the wrong, and to commend his opponents
whenever they took a step in the right di-
rection. None but those who knew him
well, and understood his social and genial
nature, and his strong love of approbation,
could estimate how much it cost him to
maintain, under circumstances to which a
weaker man would have yielded as to des-
tiny, his perfect loyalty to truth. What
most impressed us, in our intercourse with
him, was the total absence of all cant, civil
or subterfuge—the transparent honesty and
Christian manliness of his character.

In the dark period when his press, in Cin-
cinnati was twice destroyed by mobs, and
in the perilous excitement which at Wash-
ington followed the capture of the Pearl
with his cargo of fugitive slaves, his courage
never faltered. With everything he loved
in life at stake, he disregarded alike the
menace of enemies and the persuasions of
friends, and refused to make any conces-
sion or apology, and strong in his conscious
integrity, challenged the closest scrutiny of
his words and actions. The future histori-
an of the Anti-Slavery movement will find
few nobler pictures for his canvas than that
of the slight figure of the Anti-Slavery
Editor, alone with his family, unarmed and
unsupported in the heart of a slave-holding
city, calmly confronting an armed and ex-
cited multitude, declaring his determina-
tion to live and die a free man, and to speak
and print his sentiments freely and fully,
subject only to the laws of his country;
and closing with an appeal, at once bold
and manly, to the better natures of his
opponents, until threats changed to cheers,
and the really generous but misguided
populace pressed toward him, not to
maim or intimidate, but to shake the hand
of a brave and honest man.

Personally, we feel assured, Dr. Bailey
had no enemies. His genial, hearty,
heartfelt nature, his ingenuousness, his deli-
cate regard for the amenities and courtesies
of life, his ungrudging admission of the
right to differ, his broad catholic charity,
endowed him to a wide circle of friends,
among the warmest of whom were some
who totally dissented from his views on
political matters and the moral character of
slavery.

Many thoughts and memories crowd upon
us, but our heart is too full for words. A
true and good man has laid down to his long
rest, after bravely fighting the battle of life,
leaving his mark upon the age, and a statu-
ette and honored name to his children.—
The world wherein he labored is better for
his sake. He will be greatly missed in the
coming struggle (Heaven grant it may be
the last and triumphant one) of freedom with
slavery. But God is over all and no man is
indispensable. The broken ranks will be
closed, and younger men, who have learned
the lessons of liberty in the school of our
lamented associate, will take up, and carry
forward to his glorious consummation, the
great work to which his life was devoted.

Mixing up the Babies.

The Waterville (Cal.) Journal gives the
following account of an affair which, how-
ever it may move the laughter of our read-
ers, we fancy made some of the parties con-
cerned, "laugh on the wrong side of their
mouths."

Some time ago, there was a dancing party
given "up north;" most of the ladies pre-
sented had little babies, whose noisy perversity
required too much attention to permit the
mothers to enjoy the dance. A number of
gallant young men volunteered to watch the
young ones, while the parents indulged in
a "breakdown." No sooner had the women
left the babies in charge of the mischievous
devils, than they stripped the infants, and
changed their clothes, giving to one the
apparel of another. The dance over, it was
time to go home, and the mothers hurriedly
took each a baby, in the dress of her own,
and started, some to their homes, ten or
fifteen miles off, and were far on their way
before daylight. But the day following,
there was a prodigious row in that settle-
ment, and then commenced some of the
tallest female pedestrianism; living miles
apart, it required two days to unmix the
babies, and as many months to restore the
women to their naturally sweet dispositions.
To this day it is unsafe for any of the baby
mixers to venture within the territory

Communication.

[Written for The Belmont Chronicle.]

WOOL GROWING.

Cadiz, O., July 7, 1859.

For the Benefit of the Farmers of Belmont County.
—Having been engaged for over twenty years in
the purchase of wool, and during that time, hav-
ing visited different wool growing counties in
Ohio as well as Pennsylvania and Virginia, I
must say that Belmont county is as well, if not
better calculated for the growing of sheep and
wool than any county in either State, or I might
say in the United States.

Myself